UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

An International Holiday

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Our Double Heredity

By JESSE H. HOLMES

Tolstoy—A Play in Seven Scenes
Scene VI

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By BENJAMIN GERIG

VOLUME CI NUMBER 21

Chicago, August 13, 1928

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

SYDNEY COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. G. LAMPERT, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROGERS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 11, 1928, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

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700 Oakwood Boulevard **CHICAGO**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1928 NUMBER 21

An International Holiday

On August 28 there will assemble in Paris the official representatives of fifteen great and civilized nations, charged each of them with the high task of signing the Kellogg Anti-War Treaty which has been so fixedly holding the attention of the world during the past year. The American Secretary of State will cross the seas on behalf of his government to join with the French Foreign Secretary, M. Briand, initiator of the Treaty, and illustrious representatives of Europe and Japan, in bringing to completion a prolonged negotiation which marks at last one of the greatest diplomatic triumphs ever achieved by a statesman of this or any other country.

Paris has been the scene of many memorable events in the history of international relations. It was this city, for example, which witnessed the signing of the treaty which brought to an end the eight years' conflict of the American Revolution, and, with peace, the independence of the American people. Now, one hundred and forty-five years later, comes the official representative of this people, grown to be one of the mightiest nations in the world, to sign in their name a second and greater Treaty of Paris—a treaty which may well mark a new epoch in the history of the human race. This compact solemnly binds its signatory governments to *"renounce war as an instrument of national policy."* What this means in its fullest and farthest implications, what must still be done to clarify understanding, to correct and remove reservations, above all, to create the political machinery and statute law for the control of the new international order thus definitely foreshadowed, all this must inevitably be left to the future. But here, in this our day, is accomplished a new orientation of mankind. For the first time in the long and bloody history of the race, the governments of the world are deliberately turning away from war. Thus is the first straight step toward peace—the will, the determination, the sworn and plighted resolve to have peace, and *not* have war! Such sublime renunciation of arms gives what we have never had before—that state of mind and pledge of purpose which is the *sine qua non* of ultimate and complete achievement. Without this, nothing is possible, as the centuries, strewn with the wreckage of men's plans for peace, abundantly and tragically testify. Unless war by solemn agreement and mutual troth be renounced, *repudiated, outlawed,* all arbitration treaties, all leagues of nations and world courts, all holy alliances, and balances of power, and programs of disarmament are vain and useless things. It is just this essential thing which lies at the heart of the Kellogg treaty. It is not because it ends the work for peace, but because at last, thank God, it really begins it, that the signing of this treaty promises to mark a turning point between the war-era and the peace-era of human history as momentous as that vast turning-point, duly recorded in the chronology of civilization between ancient (B. C.) and modern (A. D.) times.

It is because the august proceedings of this day, August 28, promise, and by the will of men may be made, to achieve so much for the enduring welfare and happiness of men, that UNITY, sponsor of the Outlawry of War movement from the beginning, is moved to propose that this calendar date be formally set aside and consecrated as an International Holiday of Peace. This idea is not original with us. We wish it were! It was first proposed, so far as we know, by the London *Observer* on June 10 last. Taken up by the London *Times*, the Manchester *Guardian* and other great English journals, the suggestion has won support and acclaim across the seas. In this country, however, no great organ of public opinion has responded to the cry. Therefore UNITY lifts up its voice, and, so far as that voice can carry among the American people, challenges them to join with their brethren in England and the other countries bound together in this great act of brotherhood in establishing a day in which all men throughout the world may unite in a common festival of peace.

We have no world holiday upon our calendar—for the very good reason, as the *Observor* points out, that "there is no world event to celebrate."—The nations have their own especial holidays—America and France in July, Germany in August, Russia in November, Italy in April, the British Empire in May. Most of these holidays are militaristic in character—celebrated with the lifting of flags, the blowing of bugles, and the stirring memories of war. Armistice Day reaches to farther bounds and lifts to loftier heights, but it is empty of meaning to nations neutral in 1914-1918, it is celebrated with widely divergent feelings by the belligerents, and its memories consecrate anew in holy sacrifice the horrid rites of war. What we need is a universal day, close akin in spirit and observance to such religious festivals as Christmas. And here it is, this blessed day of August when the armed powers of the world "renounce war," and thus at last lead on the way to peace.

On this day, each year, so long as civilization endures, let this renunciation be solemnly and gratefully renewed, not by statesmen but by the peoples themselves. In the happy summertide of each recurring season let men and women everywhere leave the home and hearth, factory and field, and assembling in great public gathering places beneath the one blue sky, take troth together for enduring peace and brotherhood. Let vows be spoken, and prayers lifted, and God himself invoked, that the promise of this holy day be never blighted, or its pledges broken. And then when such august ceremonies be done, let all the people give themselves to games and pageants, and festival song, and universal joy in nature. How would men leap to such a holiday! How would the radiance of human hearts, like the light of the full-orbed sun, go flowing round the world! How would cynical and plotting statesmen be overawed by this wide acclaim of unity, and be made over, in their own despite, to servants and ministers of peace! The World Holiday would celebrate fittingly and beautifully a vast achievement wrought. But more than this! It would seal to the future, forever, the permanency of this achievement.

So we call for this World Holiday of Peace. When the statesmen of the fifteen powers sign the Paris Treaty, let them inaugurate as well this festal day! For then will Shelley's vision be made true, that

"The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Some weeks ago, UNITY declared that upon Mr. Salmon O. Levinson should be conferred an LL. D. degree, in recognition of his work as "the inspired creator and tireless advocate of the Outlawry idea" (See UNITY, July 2, page 312). Now a great newspaper of Chicago, the *Evening Post,* goes UNITY something more than one better, in proposing Mr. Levinson as the recipient of the Nobel Prize for Peace. In an editorial which is as noble in spirit as it is accurate in detail, and which we are publishing in full in this issue (see "The Field"), the *Evening Post* states the simple and never-to-be-forgotten fact that all that is now happening in the world, in this great and solemn business of getting rid of war, had its origin in the mind of Mr. Levinson. It was he who planted the sacred seed of the Outlawry of War idea; he who watered it for years with his sweat and tears and very heart's blood; he who sheltered it from the frosts of envy, the blasts of ridicule, and the chill darkness of ignorance and misunderstanding; till it grew, and flourished, and at last flowered into the blossoms that the great men of the world are now plucking. There is greatness—and *greatness!* To us the greatest greatness is that of the man who gives everything to a revolutionary idea—time, strength, money without stint—and then is happily content to see others get the glory, so long only as *the thing is done!* We would deduct nothing from the glory due Senator Borah, Mr. Briand, and Secretary Kellogg. But the "Gloria In Excelsis" belongs to Mr. Levinson. So we say "Amen," and again "Amen," and still again, "Amen," to the Chicago *Evening Post's* nomination of Mr. Levinson for the Nobel Prize. And let all of our readers who agree, second this nomination by writing to the Trustees of the Nobel Fund.

Alone among all the great newspapers of the country, the Chicago *Tribune* is opposing Secretary Kellogg's multilateral treaties for the Outlawry of War. In many ways the *Tribune* is a useful, on occasion a brave, paper. Its successful fight against Mayor Thompson may well challenge the attention of the Pulitzer Prize trustees. But on questions of war and peace, foreign policy, the army and navy, the *Tribune* is simply hopeless. A jingo of the worst description, it uses its great power to support everything that makes for distrust and hatred among nations, and opposes everything that tends toward amity and concord. Its fight against Outlawry has become almost insane, undoubtedly because so desperate. Thus, in a recent editorial calling upon the Senate to "save the situation," it puts up a scream like this—

> "It (the United States) is giving its consent and moral sanction to every outrage achieved and maintained in Europe by the (Versailles) treaty and the (League) convenant. By these peace treaties it underwrites the injustices in the Tyrol, in Hungary, in Austria, and in other countries where the realities of conquest mock the words of idealists."

Where does the *Tribune* get the idea that these European "injustices," which undoubtedly exist, and must as undoubtedly be cured, are underwritten and thus perpetuated by the Kellogg treaties? From the idea, of course, that international problems can be solved, international wrongs righted, international changes wrought, *only by war.* The *Tribune* sees no other way. And since it wants these injustices corrected, therefore it wants another war, and wants the United States to get into that war. This is madness, and the *Tribune* ought to know it. For another war, to correct the evils of the last war, would only bring along evils of its own, themselves to be corrected by still another war, and so on *ad infinitum.* War never settles any problem, never corrects any injustice. It is just because we know this today that we are seeking to get rid of war as the one evil which stands in the way of the correction of all other evils. Outlaw war, and then we shall be free to handle the international situation as it should be handled—by methods of reason, to ends of justice.

Midnight of August 22nd will be a sleepless hour. One year ago, that midnight, millions did not sleep; few of these have forgotten, and few therefore will sleep again. Instead, these millions will keep watch with an electric chair, and see Sacco and Vanzetti burned to death in its pitiless arms. Queer, how these dead men live! Yet, not queer at all! For they live as Socrates lives, as Joan of Arc lives, as Giordano Bruno lives, the undying victims of the fear, intolerance, and injustice of men, and therefore as glorious martyrs. Their executioners thought, as all executioners think, that the death of these men would end the business. They had that peculiar superstition of the body—that to kill it and bury it out of sight is to blot out the memory of the person who inhabited it. So the Restorationists dug up the corpse of Cromwell, and tore it to pieces. So the body of Joan of Arc was burned, and its ashes carefully gathered up and cast into the river. So (we may believe) the bleeding limbs of Jesus were snatched from the tomb, and borne away no man knows whither. "The chapter is closed," said the apostate Boston *Herald,* after the extinction of the "good shoemaker" and the "poor fish peddler" had been accomplished. But never was that chapter wider open than it is today! Books and articles are still coming, and will continue long to come, from the press. The publication of the full record of the trial and appeals is proceeding under the most distinguished auspices, as already noted in these columns. Investigations are being pushed in this and other countries, in search of the guilty parties to the Braintree murder. Millions of men throughout the world remember; and

certain men in Massachusetts whose names we need not name, cannot forget. Let the midnight of August 22nd next be an hour of mourning for the dead, and of new dedication to the truth! Let this date be forever a black date upon the calendar of humanity, that generations yet to come may know the foul injustice of men, and take warning thereby!

James Matthew Barrie, in his St. Andrews Rectorial Address (May 3, 1922), recalls the time when "all the men of imagination proposed to their beloved in some such frenzied words as these, 'As I can't get Miss Terry, may I have you?'" This whimsicality, spoken in the presence of Ellen Terry herself, was no exaggeration of this woman's hold on her contemporaries. The younger generation will smile indulgently at this Victorian sentimentalism; but those of us who saw Miss Terry in her prime will smile back without rancor, for we have known, as our sons and daughters can never know, the glory of perfect womanhood. Ellen Terry had everything—beauty, charm, grace, wit, vivacity, high intelligence, and the divine bewitchment of personality. Like a conjunction of the planets, qualities met in her in a veritable constellation of wonder. Her walk and gesture were the poetry of motion; her voice was pure gold melted into music; her face was a stage of swift and poignant emotion; her spirit was the incarnation of eternal youth and beauty; and all were combined into such elements of fascination as few women in any age have ever possessed. Her union with Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre comprises one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of the theatre. Who can ever forget Sir Henry's unchanging curtain speech in which he referred always so admiringly to his "dear friend, Miss Terry"? We saw her as Beatrice, as Portia, as Marguerite, as Viola. What ineffable loveliness was in all these parts! What grace of elocution, what expert theatrical technique, what intuitive genius for the stage! But above all there was the woman—Ellen Terry herself. No one was ever like her, nor will ever be again. To have seen her is to have lived in realms of enchantment all too seldom vouchsafed to us poor mortals.

Our Double Heredity

One of the oldest, and certainly the most fundamental, of the divisions of our world-experiences is that into mind and matter, soul and body, spirit and substance. It is true the divisions have not been identical in content or purpose, but that is merely because there is a shadow-land of uncertainty, as evening lies between day and night partaking of the nature of both. As early as the fifth century before Christ, Anaxagoras felt the necessity of introducing the *nous,* an element of rational order, among the essentials for the understanding of our world. Plato tried to dispense with matter by calling it non-being, but only to find that it was necessary to call non-being back into being in order to have a world at all. Christian philosophy has always tended to despise the body, but couldn't do without it. "Christian Science" has attempted to deny the material world by re-naming it as Plato did; but as "mortal mind" it re-enters the system, which indeed is obliged to expend most of its energy in enforcing its denial of this insistent illusion. At the other extreme is the materialistic science which attempts to deny the existence of mind, again by the easy process of re-naming it; consciousness is an "epi-phenomenon," it is a scum on the pool of existence, or it is to be ignored altogether although it is necessary to use it in order to do the ignoring.

But in spite of pseudo-science and pseudo-metaphysics everyone knows that in some sense he is both mind and body and that at one time or another either may be the dominant partner. It is a pity we cannot stop here, but it is impossible; for another feature of this self-complex turns up in a capacity we have of evaluating the demands of mind and body. This demands a third person of the personal trinity who is by no means wholly impartial, but is, I think, on the whole a just judge. It pronounces for the claims of the body when hungry, thirsty, or tired; against it when experience shows that its demands are not for its own best interests. Also it decides for the mind in its search for understanding, in its struggle for clear vision, in its efforts to plan effective futures. Moreover it selects the mind as the more important element, to which the body must yield in the cases where their interests conflict. It is not an infallible judge, for it may be overinfluenced and even carried away by bodily passions, or by exaggerated mind-vanities which condemn the body as essentially evil. This seems to me at least one way of helpfully viewing the "self" for practical purposes; and in considering this trinity I think there is much more danger of confusion in "confounding the persons" than in "dividing the substance." It has probably been a real advantage to man that he has constantly in practice at least, refused to think of "himself" as one thing; has always felt a conflict of matter and spirit, and has recognised a not very ultimate deity, trying to introduce standards of value into the conflict. I hope it will be understood that I am not trying to invent a new psychological technique, but only to get a working vocabulary in order for an appeal to that valuing function in all of us. We are a hybrid folk; we are sons of the dust and of the creative spirit and both elements of our heredity are in

constant evidence. "Matter" is an extreme conservative: what it has done it will do again to the end of the chapter. It *will* attract "directly as the product of the masses and inversely as the square of the distance," and the times of its vibrations when suspended are monotonously proportional to the square roots of its lengths. "Matter" acts according to "law,"—law being the statement of the way it acts. It is like a good soldier who "does not think, but obeys." "Mind" on the other hand, is creative; it is more or less of an anarchist in refusing to be bound by its crystallized past in the form of law. It pictures new things, sees visions and dreams dreams, and having had them evaluated by the third person of the trinity it tries to force its visions and dreams upon the material world,—which, as Plato said long ago,—resists the idea, and gives way but slowly and unwillingly.

Among those ideas long ago pronounced "good" by the creative spirit considering its own work there is one which has recurred again and again, insinuating itself into all sorts of minds and crowding other ideas into the background. This persistent and insistent idea is that of a perfected human society. The prophets thought of it as the messianic kingdom, it was "the Republic" to Plato, "the kingdom of heaven" to Jesus, the "City of the Sun" to Campanella, "The New Atlantis" to Bacon, "Utopia" to Moore, "the Dream of John Ball" to Morris, the "more perfect union" to those who wrote our Constitution. If these are mere written ideals let us recognize that all honest statesmen are trying to realize them in the material world, which resists them. It is because of these ideas that ancient kingdoms have been overthrown, that empires have perished, that new forms of governments still arise. The Russian Bolshevists struggle for this end however unsuccessfully, China kills and destroys for it, India hungers and resists for it. But so strong is our heredity from the dust that as soon as we are personally comfortable and prosperous we tend to drop our heredity from God and settle down to the temporary order we have created, accepting the thing that has been as forever the thing that should be, and exalting into a law of nature what is merely a fixed habit of a sunken self.

This paper is written primarily that we as citizens of a nation which is a great effort to realize this persistent ideal of humanity shall not sink into our heredity from the dust, but shall rather maintain our creative heredity. Let us distrust the easy yielding to the gravitation of social and political habit, and scan with interest and creative longing all visions of a better world. Let us remember that the world of matter and law is always respectable, comfortable, and easy,—broad is its gate. And the way of the spirit is doubtful, dangerous, adventurous—straight its gate and narrow its way.

Which?

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Travel Letters*

(I) DR. COIT'S ETHICAL CHURCH

London—One going from the Ethical Culture Society of New York City to the Ethical Church of London would think at first that a great gulf was fixed between them. But it is in externals and in form that the differences exist more than in spirit or substance.

Dr. Adler's Ethical Culture meeting house is severely plain, and the services destitute of ritualistic features. But worship and spiritual meditation (much like silent prayer) are prominent features of the services at Dr. Coit's Ethical Church. A "cantor" leads the congregational singing.

Ritualism is growing amazingly in this church. Dr. Coit wears a flowing black gown over a scarlet cassock, sometimes two gowned assistants take part in the services. Candles burn at the altar, for the church has an altar, dedicated to "the ideal of the true, the beautiful and the good." The congregation sings canticles in Gregorian modes and anthems to the mass music of Palestrina introits and amens. Of the periods in each service set apart for silent meditation Dr. Coit says they seem to require an altar to interpret them.

In explanation of the character of the services of the Ethical Church Dr. Coit says, ceremonials, gestures, garments, bells, lights, music and images, are of no value in themselves, but as pointers they are indispensable and if they direct us to an ultimate ideal of personal and social existence their practical and rational value cannot be over-estimated.

I attended the Ethical Church on the 36th anniversary of the founding of the Ethical movement in London. It was celebrated by a service in honor of the memory of Mrs. Pankhurst.

I stopped outside the attractive vine-clad building and read this significant inscription on its front:

> The Ethical Church identifies God with the Moral Idea, with the Good in the human heart, and with the world-trend towards democratic Justice and Social Equality. Its services seek to illuminate the great issues of the day and to inspire men and women to live in conformity with their loftiest aspirations.

Entering the church, on the walls of a short stairway leading up to the vestibule are pictures of Sir Thomas Moore, John Milton, Matthew Arnold, and Tennyson. In the vestibule are portraits of Leslie Stephen and Sir John Seely, once presidents of the Ethical Society, a bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and portraits of other leaders of religious thought.

Inside the church among the objects that attract one's attention is a banner of black velvet and colored satin with the inscription: "The Burning sense of a Great Wrong Is the Flaming Spirit of God." It was formerly used as the ensign of an organization founded to advance the cause of woman suffrage. Over the pulpit is a painting by Walter Crain of the "Torch Bearers," with words from a poem by Charles Kingsley: "Still the race of Hero Spirits, pass the Torch from

*Mr. Platt, now traveling in Europe with the Sherwood Eddy Party, will send brief letters to UNITY from time to time.—Editors.

Hand to Hand." There are small gold statues on each side of the pulpit, one of Buddha and one of Christ. That of Buddha bears the inscription:

To cease from all wrong doing; to practice all virtue and to purify one's own heart; this is the religion of the Buddhas.

Under the Christ statue is this:

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled.

There are four Luca Della Robbia reliefs on the walls of the church; a bust of Pallas Athene rests above the painting of the torch bearers; a bust of Lincoln stands at one side of the pulpit, with an inscription from Markham's poem on Lincoln; a bust called the "Praying Boy" stands in one of the windows; in another is a bronze statue of David; there are other busts of Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, and Plato with quotations from their sayings; on the walls of the auditorium are five etchings of Vernon Hill; and several oil paintings.

The Ethical movement in London started in 1892, as the West London Ethical Society. In 1914 the society took the name Ethical Church. At that time it made a statement of the things for which it stands from which I take the following:

The word God—Any power which men have believed to be the source of their highest blessings they have felt to be the all holy and supreme reality of life; and on that account they have called it God.

God Indwelling in the British People—The power of righteousness, expressing itself in the moral evolution of the British people and now moving with greater momentum than ever before towards a democracy of Social Justice is God imminent, whom all British subjects should unite in revering and obeying.

Dr. Coit paid high tribute to the greatness of Mrs. Pankhurst, in his discourse last Sunday morning. Next Sunday morning H. N. Brailsford speaks on the Outlawry of War.

CHESTER C. PLATT.

Tolstoy

A Play in Seven Scenes

By Henry Bailey Stevens

(Copyright, 1928)

SCENE VI

Same as Scene IV. Tolstoy's study at Yasnaya Polyana, on the evening of November 9, 1910—seventeen years later. Tolstoy is sitting at the table writing. He is now 82 years old, and shows something of the feebleness of age. His hair and beard are white, his frame somewhat shrunken from illness; his eyes seem smaller and have receded farther under his shaggy eyebrows, though they have lost none of their keenness. He writes laboriously.

His daughter Sasha enters. She is twenty-six years old, and is of somewhat larger build than Masha.

SASHA *(holding up letters):* Father! *(He does not hear and continues writing.)* Father! *(When he again pays no attention, she goes up and touches him on the shoulder)* Father!

TOLSTOY: Yes, yes, Is that you, Masha?

SASHA: No, not Masha, Father—Sasha.

TOLSTOY: Did I say Masha, my dear? My tongue tricks me sometimes. Ah, well, there is only a little letter of difference between the two. The same loving heart, the same friendly hands, the same devotion to their old father and to what little of God there is in him. Sasha, my dear, I have been very fortunate in my daughters.

SASHA: I often wish that Masha were here, Father. She could have helped you in ways that I cannot. There is a letter here from Tchertkoff—

TOLSTOY: Let me see. Let me see. She would have been— *(He tries to think.)*—ten, twenty, ...

SASHA: She would have been thirty-nine years old. Her fortieth birthday would be next February.

TOLSTOY: I used to joke with her, Sasha. I used to tell her that she was older than I, reckoning, you know, from the date of my re-birth. But you, Sasha, I shall have to tell you that you are younger than I. Ah, I am indeed an old man. You are—how old are you Sasha?

SASHA: I am twenty-six years old, Father.

TOLSTOY: Twenty-six years! Did I ever tell you, Sasha, of the night when you were born?

SASHA: Yes, Father. *(Somewhat impatiently)* There is a letter here from Tchertkoff—

TOLSTOY: It was before I had learned patience. It was, you see, when I was only five or six years old. And it seemed to me then—as it has seemed sometimes since *(he sighs)*—that I could no longer bear to live in the conditions of life about me. The truth was fresh in me then. The luxury of the life here ate into my soul like an acid. And I went away.

SASHA: I do not blame you for going away. Perhaps you were right.

TOLSTOY: Ah, there have been times when it has seemed as though I would have been right. But not then—I was not right then, Sasha. It was a very hard time for your mother in those days. You were her twelfth child. And I went away the night before you were born.

SASHA: There is an important letter here, Father, from Tchertkoff.

TOLSTOY: I struck out down the path and out to the highroad. I was nimble then. I walked with great strides. I had made up my mind that I must give up everything, and I gave it up gladly. I was filled with the pride of a new convert. You must look out for that pride, Sasha. It comes to people when they first believe. I kept thinking of my own soul, and of how it would be benefited by this new freedom. And I walked for several miles. And then something spoke up in my heart and told me what I had forgotten: that your mother was suffering back home—alone. I saw that my pride had deceived me, and I turned and ran back to take up the cross that I had deserted. Your mother was having a harder time than I, my dear.

SASHA: She has never given up her pride.

TOLSTOY: Do not speak harshly of your mother, Sasha.

SASHA: For twenty-odd years she has sat across the table from you, feasting on bloody meat while you ate kasha gruel.

TOLSTOY: She has lived according to her light, my dear. We must not find fault with her for that.

SASHA: No, she has lived according to her ease.

TOLSTOY *(thinking it well to change the subject)*: Did you say there was a letter there from friend Tchertkoff?

SASHA: Yes. He is sending F. A. Strakhov to see you on important business.

TOLSTOY: Why does he not come himself?

SASHA: Tchertkoff, you ask why he does not come?

TOLSTOY: Yes.

SASHA: He does not come because mother would not allow him in the house, that is why. Our best friend, and she would not allow him in the house!

TOLSTOY: Ah! I had forgotten. My memory is good to me, Sasha, even when it fails me. It lets me forget all that is unnecessary. I think that Tchertkoff should have forgotten and have come.

SASHA: She would have made it very unpleasant for him.

TOLSTOY: Ah, well! What more does he say? I hope that things are going as they should.

SASHA: He is anxious to have the complete manuscript of "The Light Shines in Darkness" as soon as possible.

TOLSTOY: He shall have it—as soon as possible.

SASHA: He says that he is publishing the book of sayings of the wise under the title "For Every Day."

TOLSTOY: But I told him why I wanted to call it "A Circle of Reading." It suggests the continuous idea that I have in mind.

SASHA: He says that they have been thinking it over, and that they really believe the title "For Every Day" will suit the book better.

TOLSTOY: I think he is a little obstinate, Sasha. Well, well! He works so hard—he is so devoted—we must allow him some faults, I suppose.

SASHA: It is too bad that we cannot work with him more closely; that is where the difficulty comes.

TOLSTOY: That is where the difficulty always comes, Sasha. If we could work closely enough with people, they would never misunderstand. But there are so many things that separate—pride, custom, selfish desire, and sometimes obstinacy. What else is there in the mail?

SASHA: The usual letters from admirers.

TOLSTOY: Ah! We can dispense with those. But write to them kindly. Write to them kindly. Are there none others?

SASHA: Yes, here is one, rejoicing in the fact that the Russian Church has excommunicated you. "You are a blasphemer," she says, "against Holy God." She hopes for your early death.

TOLSTOY: She is not likely to be disappointed. Please write her this:

SASHA *(taking note book)*: Yes.

TOLSTOY: Tell her that even though my beliefs offend, grieve or displease others, I cannot change them any more than I could change my body. I must live my own life, and so must I die—and very soon—and therefore I cannot believe otherwise than as I believe, making ready to go to that God from whom I came. I am not sure that my belief is the one indubitable truth for all time, but I see none other that is simpler, clearer or more perfectly answers all the demands of my intellect and of my heart. Should I find such an one, I would instantly accept it. God requires nothing but the truth, and though I am over eighty years old, I am still searching. But I can never again return to what I escaped from with such sufferings any more than the flying bird can reenter the egg from which it has emerged. Are there any others?

SASHA: Here is one that says you do not practice what you preach.

TOLSTOY: Ah! Read me from that.

SASHA *(reading)*: "In the midst of luxury you write about the evils of private property. In a state that protects you, you make it hard for the State's Government." And so on. You know the kind.

TOLSTOY: Yes. *(There is a knock on the door.)* Come in! Tell them, Sasha, that their abuse is a bath for my soul. *(Another knock.)* Come in!

(Strakhov enters cautiously. He is a small man with a suave manner.)

STRAKHOV *(closing the door cautiously)*: Good day to you, Leo Nikolayevich. Good day to you, Alexandra Leonia!

TOLSTOY *(peering at him)*: I am very glad to see you, sir.

SASHA: You remember, father. It is Mr. Strakhov—F. A. Strakhov.

TOLSTOY: Yes, of course. I am very glad to see you.

STRAKHOV: I have come *(he advances and almost whispers)*—from Tchertkoff, on a most intimate matter. *(He glances at Sasha.)* Mr. Tchertkoff assured me of your daughter's devotion to our common cause.

TOLSTOY: Sasha is my crutch, Mr. Strakhov. Ever since her sister Masha died, and my wife—

STRAKHOV: Ah! I quite understand.

TOLSTOY: And my wife has been ill—

STRAKHOV: I quite understand. I hope I find you well, sir?

TOLSTOY: Always nearer to death, my friend, and that is good. At my age one cannot jump and run, and one's memory fails; but what of that? Physical and mental strength decrease, but something else greatly increases. I would on no account exchange what I am now for what I was sixty years ago.

STRAKHOV: It is true that any man at your age must think of death—sad as that fact is to your friends.

TOLSTOY: He had better think of it long before my age, Mr. Strakhov.

STRAKHOV: That is quite true. As I was saying, one of the reasons for my visit today is to ask you—in view of your advanced age—to think of something that we do not like to speak of.

TOLSTOY: I hope that I am not afraid to face all that death implies.

STRAKHOV: Well, then. I must tell you that Mr. Tchertkoff has been in consultation with the jurisconsult, N. K. Muravev. They find that the papers you have drawn with regard to the disposition of your writings after your death have no legal validity.

TOLSTOY: I drew them up simply as an expression of my desire. I have little interest in pure legal formality.

STRAKHOV: You must pardon me if I go into this matter at some length. You will recall that the papers as originally drawn declared your desire that all of your writings subsequent to January 1st, 1881, should be no person's private property but should be freely publishable and republishable by all who desire to do so. Furthermore, that all of your manuscripts after your death should be handed to V. C. Tchertkoff to deal with, but

should be held by him freely accessible to all who may desire to make use of them for publication. You will recall all of this no doubt.

TOLSTOY: I ought to recall it, since it was I who drew up the paper.

STRAKHOV: Exactly. The point is that such a paper has no standing with law courts.

TOLSTOY: I tell you that I am not concerned with law courts. I express my wish. If people after my death have not the decency to live up to it, that is their own sin.

STRAKHOV: Precisely, but the point that Mr. Tchertkoff raises is that such an action defeats the principle for which we have fought so long—the principle of no copyright. Your writings constitute a valuable property. You and Mr. Tchertkoff have both believed that this property should be free to the public—as free as the words which you utter from your mouth.

TOLSTOY: Yes, so far as my writings since the year 1881 are concerned, that is true.

STRAKHOV: But you will pardon me, you are aware that Countess Tolstoy does not agree to this.

TOLSTOY: I am aware that Mr. Tchertkoff and my wife have a foolish disagreement with each other.

STRAKHOV: And the disagreement arose over this very point. Mr. Tchertkoff has handled your writings because you knew that through him free publication by all could be assured. Is that not true?

TOLSTOY: That is true.

STRAKHOV: Well, then, in the event of your demise what assurance have we, your friends, that the valuable papers which you have in your hands, would receive the treatment that you wish? Do you think that Countess Tolstoy would ever hand the papers over to Mr. Tchertkoff?

(Tolstoy is silent.)

SASHA: Father, it is as he says. She will have nothing to do with Tchertkoff.

TOLSTOY: My wish would have been clearly stated.

SASHA: And when has she given way to your wishes when property was at stake? Has she paid any attention to your wishes regarding the disposal of the property? Or regarding your works prior to 1881? Does she not know that Tchertkoff is your closest friend, and yet she has made him feel that he is unwelcome here?

TOLSTOY: Let us not be harsh with your mother, Sasha.

SASHA: No, let us not be harsh. But let us face facts.

TOLSTOY: Well, what does Tchertkoff advise? He knows my wishes.

STRAKHOV: He finds that it will be necessary for you to leave the writings definitely to some heir, to whom your publicly expressed wishes will be sacred. Only in this way can you secure their public utilization.

TOLSTOY: Would he assume the responsibility himself?

STAKHOV: He does not desire to do so. But he hopes most earnestly that you will choose for the purpose such members of your family as you can trust.

TOLSTOY: What would be necessary in the way of a legal form, then?

STAKHOV: Will you pardon me if I make sure that the door is closed? *(He goes out and fastens it.)* This is what the juris-consult drew up as fulfilling the requirements. *(He takes from his pocket legal papers and passes them to Tolstoy, who reads them.)*

TOLSTOY: The provisions are satisfactory. But this whole affair oppresses me. It is quite unnecessary to insure the propagation of my ideas by taking all sorts of measures. Supposing there was some silly trouble about the writings. Why, no word can perish without leaving its trace, if it expresses a truth, and if the man who utters it believes profoundly in its truth. But all these outward means for insuring it come only of our disbelief in what we utter.

STRAKHOV: I understand and appreciate the moral height from which you judge this affair, and so I am sure does Mr. Tchertkoff. But the conditions of today are such that if you do nothing to insure the public utilization of your writings, you thereby indirectly hand them over to your family for a period of fifty years. I do not conceal from you how painful it is for Mr. Tchertkoff and the rest of your friends, when we hear reproaches aimed at you to the effect that, despite your condemnation of landed property, you nevertheless transferred your estates to your wife and your children. Equally painful will it be to hear it said that, although you certainly knew that your declaration had no legal validity, you did nothing to secure the carrying out of your wishes, and thereby again consciously assisted the passing on of another valuable property to your family instead of to the world. I cannot express how painful it will be to your friends, Leo Nikolayevich, to hear such things said after your death and during the triumphant monopolization of your writings by your heirs for fifty years.

TOLSTOY: I understand your point now. It is a weighty argument.

STRAKHOV: It is only because of this that your friends ask you to sacrifice your natural repugnance to legal forms in the interests of the principles for which they have worked.

TOLSTOY: And worked so valiantly. I quite understand. *(Getting up.)* Well, I will think this whole matter over, Mr. Strakhov. If it seems best, I will sign the papers this evening.

STRAKHOV: I will return later, then, shall I not?

TOLSTOY: Yes, but do not go away. Stay with us to dinner.

STRAKHOV *(somewhat embarrassed):* I fear that I might not be a particularly welcome guest to the other members of your family.

TOLSTOY: Ah, you do my wife an injustice there. She has never been so inhospitable at least as I fear Tchertkoff has supposed.

SASHA: You do not know the whole story, Father.

TOLSTOY: Sasha, please go and tell your mother that Mr. Strakhov is here, and that he will stay to dinner.

STRAKHOV: There was another matter that Mr. Tchertkoff wanted me to take up with you. He suggests a few alterations in the article, "It Is Time to Understand." *(Produces papers.)* Here, you will see that— *(In the meantime Sasha has gone to the door, She unlocks and opens it only to disclose standing in the doorway the Countess Tolstoy herself. The Countess has aged greatly, and is evidently suffering from an overwrought condition.)*

SASHA: It seems I did not have far to go.

COUNTESS: May I ask since when it has been necessary to lock doors in this house?

SASHA: Evidently since there became danger of eavesdropping.

COUNTESS: Ah, you say that! And what am I expected to be spying upon? Are there some strange secrets here that are being kept from me?

TOLSTOY: Calm yourself, Sonya. This is Mr. Strakhov whom Tchertkoff has sent.

COUNTESS: Ah!

TOLSTOY: I have asked him to stay to dinner.

STRAKHOV: I do not wish to put you to any trouble. I think—I—

COUNTESS: That is not what we call trouble, as Mr. Tchertkoff well understands. May I ask why we are favored with this unexpected visit?

STRAKHOV: I was just saying to Leo Nikolayevich that Mr. Tchertkoff suggests a few alterations in the article, "It Is Time to Understand."

COUNTESS: Yes, he is always suggesting alterations.

STRAKHOV: Perhaps you would like to look at them?

COUNTESS: Do you think that he would care for my opinion?

STRAKHOV: Ah, you have me there, Countess Tolstoy.

COUNTESS: He does not even care for my husband's opinions.

TOLSTOY: Sonya!

COUNTESS: Well, is he not even now changing the title of your book, "A Circle of Reading" to his own pet wording—regardless of your wishes?

SASHA: How did you know that?

COUNTESS *(disregarding her):* Never has a man been so exploited by his friends! Friends!

TOLSTOY: Sonya! You must not speak so of Tchertkoff!

COUNTESS: I only wish I could speak so *to* Tchertkoff. Perhaps you will tell him, Mr. Strakhov.

STRAKHOV: I have no wish, I can assure you, to add to the unfortunate feeling that exists between you.

COUNTESS: Come! I did not mean to be inhospitable. I mean only to be firm in regard to my own rights.

STRAKHOV: I do not misunderstand. I will await your pleasure in the zala, if I may, Leo Nikolayevich.

TOLSTOY: By all means, Sasha, will you not go with him?

(Sasha and Strakhov go out.)

COUNTESS: Thank God, he had the sense at last to go! What is it that you have done now? Will you lie to me, too?

TOLSTOY: Sonya! I cannot tell you how you hurt me.

COUNTESS: Well, do they think that I have no sense? Do they think that I do not know what they are up to? And they pretend that they locked the door because Tchertkoff had a few alterations to suggest in a manuscript. A few "anticipatory corrections," as he calls them! That is such a novel thing, I suppose, that they had to lock the door!

TOLSTOY: Can you never refrain, Sonya, from your bitterness towards the ones who are attempting to carry out my principles?

COUNTESS: Your principles! Ah, you taunt me with not following them.

TOLSTOY: I did not mean to taunt you. But it is true that you have not followed them.

COUNTESS: I have never been unfaithful to my duties as I have seen them.

TOLSTOY: I understand that, Sonya.

COUNTESS: I have never been unfaithful to my family. And now you would—what is it that you would do?

TOLSTOY: I would only try to assure the world of the honesty of my belief.

COUNTESS: And you have turned to Tchertkoff to give the assurance.

TOLSTOY: Well. He has turned his life to go with me.

COUNTESS: And to Sasha, whom you weaned from me even at her birth!

TOLSTOY: What would you have me do, Sonya? Would you deny me any followers? Even in my own family?

COUNTESS: No. You know that I would not. But in the most sacred matters of our lives I would not take Tchertkoff to my bosom.

TOLSTOY: In the sacred matters of principle, Sonya, you would not come yourself. Whom should I take—if not my most loyal helpers?

COUNTESS: You lock the door and hatch conspiracies against me. That is what you do.

TOLSTOY: Sonya!

COUNTESS: Conspiracies against me and your children and grandchildren! You are always scheming how to rob them for the benefit of the world—and Tchertkoff!

TOLSTOY: Do not speak like this, Sonya. Do not make it so hard for yourself.

COUNTESS: I know what they are doing. They think to deceive me. But I know, I know. *(She breaks down.)*

TOLSTOY: I would talk the whole matter over with you, Sonya, if you would be patient.

COUNTESS: I will not talk with you about it. You have talked too much already. You are always talking. *(She rushes out.)*

TOLSTOY: Sonya! *(To himself)* I wonder if I have stayed too long. O property! What a sordid curse you have been to me. My enemies have taunted me because of you. My friends overreach themselves because of you. My family have been separated from me because of you. And now, when I am an old man near to death, you will not let my end be decent. *(He searches in a drawer of the table till he finds a letter, which he opens and starts to read. A tear rolls down his cheeks which he brushes away. After a moment Sasha enters. She goes up and caresses her father.)*

SASHA: There! There! Father! Is it the old question again?

TOLSTOY: Yes, and I must answer it now, Sasha, my old eyes do not see so well. Read me the letter. *(Hands it to her.)* I want to know how it sounds.

SASHA *(reading):* "My dear Soyna—" but this is addressed to mother.

TOLSTOY: Yes. Read it.

SASHA: "Yasnaya Polyana, June 8th, 1897." 1897! Why that was thirteen years ago!

TOLSTOY: Thirteen years!

SASHA *(reading):* "I have long been tormented by the incongruity between my life and my beliefs. To make you change your way of life, your habits, which I taught you myself, was impossible; to leave you has so far been impossible, for I thought that I should be depriving the children . . . . of the influence . . .

which I might have over them, and should be causing you pain. But to continue to live as I have been living these sixteen years, at one time struggling and harassing you, at another yielding to those influences and temptations to which I was accustomed . . . has also become impossible for me at last." (*Stopping.*) I do not wonder.

TOLSTOY: Go on.

SASHA *(reading):* "And I have now made up my mind to do what I have long wished, to go away. . . . As the Hindus when they near the sixties retire into the forests, as every religious old man desires to dedicate the last years of his life to God and not to jokes, puns, gossip and lawn tennis, so I, who am now entering on my seventieth year, long with all the strength of my spirit for that tranquillity and solitude and, though not perfect accord, still something better than this crying discord between my life and my beliefs and conscience." (*Stopping.*) Father, I understand.

TOLSTOY: Yes, child. Go on.

SASHA *(reading):* "If I did this openly, I should be met with entreaties, reproaches and arguments, and perhaps I should falter and fail to carry out my resolution, and it has got to be carried out. Please forgive me, therefore, if this step that I am taking causes you pain; and in your heart, Sonya, above all, let me go of your own free will, do not seek for me, do not find fault with me, do not condemn me. My leaving you does not mean that I am dissatisfied with you. I know that you could not, literally *could not,* and cannot, see and feel as I do, and therefore you could not alter your life and make sacrifices for the sake of what you do not believe in. I do not find fault with you; on the contrary, I recall, with love and gratitude, the long thirty-five years of our life together, especially the first half of it, when, with that maternal self-renunciation which is characteristic of you, you bore, so zealously and patiently, with what you thought was your appointed burden. You gave me and the world what you were able to give. You gave much maternal love and self-sacrifice, and I cannot but esteem you for that. But during the latter period of our life, during the last fifteen years, we have fallen away from one another. I can believe that I am to blame, because I know that I have changed, not for my own sake or for the sake of other people's opinion, but because I could not help it. And I cannot blame you for not having followed me, but I thank you and I lovingly recall and always shall recall all that you have given me. Good-by, dear Sonya." And you wrote that thirteen years ago!

TOLSTOY: Yes. I could never go. It seemed to me that it was my duty; but I could never go. It was my cross and I have borne it.

SASHA: And now?

TOLSTOY: And now I am not so sure. There is a wrong spirit in the house, I seem to be a bone of contention. It may be that it is my duty to go.

SASHA: If Masha were only here! I cannot seem to love my mother.

TOLSTOY: She needs your love more than ever, Sasha. We must all try harder. Now that my powers are failing, I need them most!

(A voice is heard crying: "Leo Nikolayevich! Where is Leo Nikolayevich!") See what is the matter, Sasha.

(*Sasha goes to door and looks out.*)

SASHA: Do you want to see my father? He is here.

VOICE: Yes, Leo Nikolayevich. I want to see Leo Nikolayevich.

(*Agafya, a peasant woman, enters hobbling on a stick.*)

TOLSTOY: I am Leo Nikolayevich. What is the matter, Babushka?

AGAFYA: Leo Nikolayevich, I have always thought you were of God. But my husband—my poor husband! *(She breaks down.)*

TOLSTOY: Help her to a chair, Sasha. (*When she is seated.*) Tell me, what is the matter?

AGAFYA: I have always thought you were of God—

TOLSTOY: We all are, Babushka, if we did but know it. Come! Pull yourself together. What is the matter?

AGAFYA: They have put my husband in jail.

TOLSTOY: That is indeed too bad. I can tell you, I would open the jails, old woman, if I had my way. The foul, stinking, vermin-ridden holes! What is the matter? I will do anything that I can.

SASHA: Tell us what was the matter. Perhaps he was caught with some of your books, Father.

TOLSTOY: Tell us, Babushka, is that true?

AGAFYA: Is what true? What are you saying?

TOLSTOY: Is it because of things that I have written? Was he jailed because of my books?

AGAFYA: Of course not, old fool!

TOLSTOY: What is the matter, then?

SASHA: Tell us. Who had him put in jail?

AGAFYA: Who had him put in jail? Sophie Andreevna—that is who put him in jail. Your wife!

TOLSTOY: In jail! Sophie Andreevna had him put in jail?

SASHA: What has she done now?

AGAFYA: Oh, it is easy for you to talk. That is what everybody told us: that it was easy for you to talk. But we had had faith in you. We thought that you were of God.

TOLSTOY: Yes. Yes. I understand.

AGAFYA: You say that all property belongs to everybody. You say that the peasants have earned the land by their own work.

TOLSTOY: God helping me, I still say it.

AGAFYA: We needed wood. Should we freeze or should we cut some that you said belonged to us?

TOLSTOY *(groaning):* I understand. Go on.

AGAFYA: We cut some wood from your forest. They told on us. And now Sophie Andreevna has put my husband in jail.

TOLSTOY: So it has come—at last.

AGAFYA: It is your wife who sent him there. And you said that it was our forest as much as yours.

TOLSTOY: And I said right. I do not take it back. It is your wood.

AGAFYA: If it is our wood, why should Sophie Andreevna put my husband in jail?

TOLSTOY: This is intolerable. Come, Babushka, I will do everything I can to set it right.

AGAFYA: I told them that I still had faith in you. I had always thought you were of God.

TOLSTOY: Ask your mother to come here at once, Sasha. (*Sasha goes.*) Come this way. I promise you that if old Leo Tolstoy has any influence left here, your husband shall go free tonight.

(He leads her out. After a moment the Countess comes in. She is immobile, except that her fingers keep

clenching, showing that she is in a highly wrought condition. Tolstoy enters and closes the door.)

COUNTESS: You asked me to come.

TOLSTOY: Yes. Agafya has been here—the old woman whose husband you have thrown in jail.

COUNTESS: Well. What is that to me?

TOLSTOY: Sonya, this must not be.

COUNTESS: Must not? Do you say it must not?

TOLSTOY: My dear, I entreat you. Do not act in this way.

COUNTESS: And let them cut off all our forests, and take our hay? Next they would be moving out the furniture.

TOLSTOY: But can you not see, Sonya? This is intolerable.

COUNTESS: Yes. I can see that it is intolerable. Your beliefs have made it intolerable. You would let them have it without a word.

TOLSTOY: Yes. I have encouraged them to take it. Why do you not have *me* thrown into jail?

COUNTESS: Well, at least I will not join you in beggaring our family.

TOLSTOY: You speak of our family as if they were still little children. Do you think that they would suffer?

COUNTESS: There are our grandchildren now to think of—and more than ever.

TOLSTOY: Sonya, I implore you: have clemency in this case at least. Whosever property it is—

COUNTESS: You are always taunting me with that.

TOLSTOY: No, my dear. Do not misunderstand me. Do not be angry with me.

COUNTESS: You tell me to take the property. You give it to me as though it were something I had a right to manage as I please. And when I do, you berate me for it. You make it impossible for me. Did you give me the property and tie my hands so that I cannot manage it? No. He cut the wood. I warned him. And he cut again. And he is in jail, where he belongs. And I will not lift a finger to take him out.

TOLSTOY: God forgive you, Sonya. You are not well, or you would not behave like this.

COUNTESS: Oh, do not think you must coddle me because I am not well. It is not because I am unwell that I have not followed you and—Tchertkoff! *(She storms out.)*

TOLSTOY: Alas! Sonya, if you had only followed us, your conscience would not now tempt you to do this thing. *(He sinks down in the chair. After a moment he goes to the door and calls:)* Sasha! *(She appears.)* Tell Strakhov to come. *(She obeys.)* Well, it has came at last. It has had to come. *(Strakhov enters, Tolstoy closes the door.)* My friend, I have decided to sign your paper.

STRAKHOV: I am indeed glad that you see it in that light, Leo Nikolayevich.

TOLSTOY: I have decided that I must make my example more clear or else people will not believe me. It is as the old woman says: they do not have faith in words alone.

STRAKHOV: What old woman do you mean, Leo Nikolayevich?

TOLSTOY: Oh, it is an old story. Let us not go into that. Where do I sign?

STRAKHOV: Here.

TOLSTOY: Whatever of property I have left to me in the form of my writings, I bequeath to my daughter Sasha.

STRAKHOV: I am sure that Mr. Tchertkoff will be very much pleased.

TOLSTOY: Ah! I was not thinking of Tchertkoff. Sasha will understand what I would have done. There! It is done. I hope that I am through with property at last.

STRAKHOV: I will sign here as a witness. *(Signs.)* We shall need another signature.

TOLSTOY: Wait. I will get another. *(Goes to door.)* Serge Petrovich!

(Serge appears—now also an old man.) Serge Petrovich, I have a favor to ask of you—I shall not have to trouble you many more times with favors.

SERGE: I hope you may for several years yet, Leo Nikolayevich.

TOLSTOY: Will you sign here as a witness?

SERGE: I am not much of a writer, Lyovotchka, but I will try. *(He scrawls his signature with great difficulty.)*

TOLSTOY: Thank you, Serge Petrovich. *(Serge goes.) (To Strakhov)* Tell Tchertkoff, please, that he has my love. I shall write him soon—from somewhere.

STRAKHOV: I will tell him. I wish to thank you again, Leo Nikolayevich, for your courtesy and devotion on behalf of your friends. *(He goes.)*

TOLSTOY: Friends! Friends! Who are a man's friends? *(Sasha enters.)*

SASHA: Father! Father! What can we tell Agafya? She is outside. She said you would give her some assurance. Oh, Father! It is terrible. What can we tell the old woman?

TOLSTOY *(straightening up):* Tell her still to have faith. I offer myself as a hostage to my beliefs. Ah, Sasha! Whatever comes, I must teach the world this, and there must be no mistake. There can be no limits upon the love of mankind. There can be no walls between rich and poor. It is the last sacrifice, Sasha. There was a time when I had pride. I cast it from me. I had literary art. I turned it to the service of God. I gave my strength. I gave my brains. I gave my voice. And always as I gave, my spirit grew lighter. I thought that I had given up my property, but always people have refused to believe me. Now I give up the last strings, Sasha. I go, and while I am sad for all of the sorrow that those dear to me will endure, I have found my God, Sasha. I have never been so close to Him as now.

SASHA *(breaking down):* Oh, Father! Father! You are too old to go away. You must not.

TOLSTOY: There! There, my child! Run and comfort the old woman as best you can. *(He takes her to the door, and coming back, picks up the letter. Reads for a moment.)* Well, it was said then as well as I could say it now. But I must write another line. Ah, Sonya, you must have another line. *(He writes, then takes flower from vase and puts it with the letter on the table. After a moment he goes to the door and calls.)* Serge Petrovich! *(Serge appears.)* Please find Dushan. Tell him I send word that it is time. *(Serge hesitates.)* Yes, just that. He will understand. *(Serge leaves. Tolstoy goes to window and opens it. Outside the night is now black.)* Ah! It is dark. I shall need a lantern. *(He takes a lantern from the corner and going to the table, lights it. Then he turns out the lamp, leaving the lantern as the only light in the room.)*

(Curtain.)

[Scene VII next issue.]

"Save 'Em, Kill 'Em and Send 'Em to Heaven"

A Christian minister giving his opinion on Capital Punishment states it thus:

> "I am in favor of Capital Punishment. If it meant the destruction of the soul I would not favor it. But since each murderer has a chance to repent and go to heaven before he is electrocuted he will be better off than to worry over his deed or kill somebody else."

Irresistible logic! Let us now, therefore, install the guillotine right next to the altar at the foot of the sawdust trail so that sinners while in their repentant mood can make their confessions and be suddenly and safely frisked into heaven. The professional evangelist need no longer be worried over the blacksliding propensities of his converts. With this assurance he can now give his entire attention to mass production and be one hundred percent efficient in his go-getting proposition.

After all, what is a few more years here compared with an eternity? And if the eternity can be assured in heaven, why shrink back from the guillotine or the electric chair? Doubtless, it would be well to have a public executioner on each church staff whose functions would coordinate with those of the minister, deacon and sexton. A special robe for this sacerdotal function might well consist of a red rubber tunic and hip boots. Also a surplice, for will he not be the last in line to usher the waiting souls into the eternal rest?

This system should be quite economical to all concerned. The church executioner might indeed find the position quite lucrative. Just now, of course, the rate per head is high. Most people cannot afford the $150 per head charged by the public executioner. But as this short cut to heaven becomes more popular the rate will gradually be reduced until almost anybody will be able to afford it. Perhaps Henry Ford will give the business committee of the church some free advice on doing a large volume of business on a constantly diminishing margin of profit.

Then, too, it may be expected that the minister will further reduce the rate by sharing his annual stipend with his co-worker, the executioner, for his duties will be materially lessened as the number of his parishioners decreases.

This ought also be quite a boon to the undertaker whose periodic harvest might be passed on to help meet the church budget. In this way the reduced rates would tend to bring more people into this particular church and the annual turnover be greatly increased.

As for the person being executed, there are obvious advantages over the prevailing slipshod methods of getting to heaven. He can now always be sure to be in the proper condition to make the departure. Accidental and unexpected death need no longer catch him unprepared and unaware. He will be taking no chances. His credentials being in due and proper form he can present himself at the right moment and thus avoid any embarrassing delays on the other side.

Relatives, too, will have the consolation of more certain knowledge in place of wondering doubt. No more fears and misgivings. They will almost be able to see the soul take its flight to the better land and at the appropriate moment they too, can go and join those gone before.

It is a great idea! We may confidently expect to see a guillotine or an electric chair as part of the standard equipment of every church. There will be standard parts and standard headsizes. High-powered religion will soon be accompanied by keen-edge cutlery and high voltage salvation. On with the Death Chair!

"Lord, lettest now thy servant depart in peace."

BENJAMIN GERIG.

The Study Table

Sacco and Vanzetti and the Poets

"(Their) spirit sings
For in (their) tomb a broken lantern swings."
—B. M. Webster.

Not since Upton Sinclair published the protest of the poets against the imprisonment of Eugene V. Debs has there been issued so lovely and moving a volume as "America Arraigned,"*—the outpouring of poets' souls in protest against Massachusetts' crime in the putting to death of Sacco and Vanzetti.

The sincerity, passion and beauty of the book as a whole make a heartening aftermath to a dreadful incident. Surely here speaks the honest heart and the thinking mind of the American people! One wishes the book could go the length and breadth of the world, —a world that set its face vainly against the folly and the injustice of our law—because in it is voiced the world's horror and amazement at our stupendous crime.

"America Arraigned" is a book which indeed "will live to cry shame on the justice of Massachusetts,"—and of all the states. "This book," says John Haynes Holmes in an eloquent and most enlightening introduction, "is the voice of the poets. They have heard the cry of stricken justice and have caught it up in words of prophecy and poignant song. Anger, pity, love speak in its pages." Such words exquisitely describe this collection which we owe to the consecration and the industry, not to speak of the poetic and justice-loving qualities of Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney.

What Mr. Holmes has done in his introduction, E. Merrill Root has done in truly epic fashion, albeit briefly, in his "Sacco and Vanzetti," of which space permits of but these stanzas:

> Two simple men who loved the sun
> Were sentenced to oblivion
> For the thing they had not done—
> . . . . . .
> They spoke for human brotherhood;
> They would not call red murder good;
> When others crouched in fear—they stood!
>
> They hated force of steel or stealth;
> Love was their sun to bring men health;
> They saw the world one commonwealth.
> . . . . . .
> Seven years their house was stone and steel,
> While sick hope in recurrent reel
> Whirled them like men strapped to a wheel.
> . . . . . .
> Yet though they could not move, but lay
> Inert, they knew that every day
> They stumbled down a steeper way—

*America Arraigned. Edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. Published by Dean & Company, New York City. $1.

A way from which they could not turn,
Till down far vistas they discern
The sullen bulk of chairs that burn.

. . . . .

O Jesus Christ, our Master, you
Died that our love might save these two;
And still, we know not what we do!

And David P. Berenberg reiterates:

The millions do not know,
And if they did, their souls would still be lamed.
The pride that once on Boston Common flamed,
These many years is burning low.

Miriam Allen de Ford's "After the Murder," arraigns and gives hope, all in one short stanza:

They are not dead while still there beats
One heart that freedom's blood has stirred;
While still amid the dolts and cheats
One cry in justice's name is heard.
Go, Massachusetts, fouled and shamed,
Go hide your desecrated head;
Bury the past you have defamed—
Your hounded victims are not dead!

And the poets do not spare individuals:

And now the awful deed is done, wash well your hands
Before the mob . . . . .
Snug and content you sleep to-night while He
Is writhing on the cross again.

. . . . .

How will it be in that red dawn
When those you killed shall be again reborn
With all the truths they held so dear?

Pilate, you have steeled our hearts and cleared our eyes
To meet the morning light as darkness dies.

Thus, to Governor Fuller. . . .

And this, to Judge Thayer:

Toll the bell for Justice . . .
Justice is dead!
Cowards hold the sceptre
Over her head;
Hatred holds the balance,
Vengeance is the cry:
"Kill them without mercy:
Let 'the bastards' die."

And Lucia Trent speaks to a Bishop:

You dare to preach of Jesus on the cross,
You who have sanctioned the unholy loss
Of two brave, lonely dreamers who have stood
Like Him for peace and brotherhood?

Go hide your face among the Pharisees,
Who always have condemned such Christs as these.

Go hide your face among the world's disdained!
Your hands are leprous and your vestments stained.

Ah, there are more than Countée Cullen who say today—of such—

These men who do not die, but death decree,
These are the men I would not care to be!

The thought of "lest we forget" runs like a golden thread throughout this book. Ralph Harlow's cry for a higher justice ends with this unforgettable stanza:

So keep us, keep us, Justice,
Forever toward the Light;
Keep us, we pray, from slipping
Back to that deadly plight
Where buoyant doubts lie buried,
And rebel hearts must beat,
To the tune and rhythm set them
By tradition's lagging feet.

Strange though it may seem, it is the thought, not of death but of life, that this book leaves in the mind of the reader; the idea that however much men "may rend and burn and crush the flesh," they cannot kill the soul. Again and yet again this belief is voiced. It comes forth strongly in Mr. Holmes':

They speak—and stricken nations hear
The voice without reply;
They live—and all the world beholds
The life that cannot die.

Louis Ginsberg carries further this heartening thought:

The vision of your love, a current streams
Forth from your prison, a magnetic pole,
Encircling every country, every clime,
And galvanizing every slothful soul.

. . . . .

Thus Sacco and Vanzetti, may your words
Reverberate through every clime and mart—
There is no other nation but the race:
There is no other country but the heart.

BLANCHE WATSON.

Sacco and Vanzetti

(Electrocuted August, 1927)

Two Christ-like men were forced to die
While the parade of life passed by,

And never boor of bench or state
Bade the law's cruel henchmen wait,

And callous guardians of the rich
Smirked at the agonizing switch,

While Pharisees of church and mill
Sanctioned their Lord's almighty will.

Two Christ-like men were forced to die!
The people of the world shout, *"Why?"*

LUCIA TRENT.

"These Are They—"

Is there a God? I cannot say.
I only know there should be one,
That Sacco and Vanzetti might—
One at His left hand, one at His right—
Be seated on a coming August day
Between us and the sun.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

The Specter

A Protest Against Capital Punishment

I am the wraith, the scaffold-wraith;
I haunt the spot where I was hung!
I see myself, my ghastly self;
My bulging eyes, my lolling tongue!
I see my body shift and swing,
A tense weight at the strong rope's end!
I twist, I struggle, agonize;
So many Christians—ne'er a friend!

They prayed for me, my graceless self,
Oh, just before the grim trap fell;
A candidate for Heaven, yes,
But only good enough for Hell!
I had transgressed, so I must die;
There was no other better way!
Reform the Sinner—never that;
They follow Moses and they slay!

I hope to see the nail-pierced Christ
To feel His tears, His tender smile
For was He not a criminal
Condemned and crucified the while?
He knew the bitterness of death
Upon the outcast's shameful tree;
He knew the gallows, too, because
He went the awful way with me!

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

It is not improbable that the consummation of the multilateral treaty renouncing war will be a big factor in determining the recipient of the Nobel peace prize at its next awarding.

To whom should it go?

To M. Briand, whose proposal of an outlawry treaty between France and the United States was the immediate cause of the subsequent negotiations?

To Secretary Kellogg, who broadened the scope of the Briand proposal, and carried on the official negotiations which have won approval for the treaty from fourteen powers?

To President Coolidge, who supported his secretary of state throughout the negotiations, and to whose administration the achievement of the treaty must be credited?

To Senator Borah, who, as chairman of the Senate committee on foreign affairs, was the urgent political personality behind both Secretary Kellogg and President Coolidge in promoting the negotiations?

In our belief the award should be made to none of these, commendable and essentially valuable as their efforts have been.

It belongs justly, if it be made on the basis of this treaty, to the able and indefatigable Chicagoan with whom the idea of outlawry originated while the great war was still in progress.

Salmon O. Levinson should have the Nobel peace prize. It is not in any sense an exaggeration to say that had it not been for the forcefulness and persistence with which he advocated his idea, both in this country and in Europe, the multilateral treaty renouncing war would not, today, be on the road to certain ratification.

A local newspaper man was among the first persons to whom Mr. Levinson talked of his outlawry proposal. He recalls that while the fighting was still in progress the Chicago attorney, whom he had not then met, invited him to take lunch at Vogelsang's old restaurant on Madison street. While they ate Mr. Levinson disclosed his idea. "We talk about a war to end war. We talk about a league to enforce peace, which simply means more war. The way to end war is to outlaw, as the private warfare of dueling was ended. War has become an institution which must be abolished. It must be deprived of its legal standing, stripped of its sanctions. We must put it outside the pale of civilization."

In some such words the argument ran. "I was in at the birth of an idea which was to grip the imagination of the world," says the newspaper man, in retelling the story, "but I did not realize it."

An interesting thing about the Levinson campaign to get this idea before the world is the fact that it has been largely a one-man campaign. Most men, when they get an idea that they think of importance to their fellows, either write a book about it or form a propaganda organization. Mr. Levinson has done neither. Others have written books about the Levinson idea, and organizations already existing have helped in a small way to promote it; but Salmon O. Levinson has been his own book and his own organization. He has spent his own time and his own money for the last ten years and more in reaching the ears and the understandings of key men. He has raised no funds, invited no subscriptions, enrolled no members, subsidized no agencies and launched no magazines. But he has been in the capitals of Europe. He has talked with statesmen and publicists. He has commuted between Chicago and Washington.

We venture to say there are few, if any, parallels in history to this remarkable development of one man's idea through one man's effort.

We are rightly proud that the germ of the multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war had its origin in Chicago, and was incubated and nourished by a Chicagoan. It is the gift of the middle west to the cause of world peace. We want Chicago to get credit for it. We want the able and unselfish Chicagoan, who, more than any other one man, is responsible for it, to have the honor which is his due, but which he will never seek for himself.

—Chicago *Evening Post.*

TOLSTOY

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WORLD YOUTH PEACE CONGRESS

Ten years ago this sad world was beginning to realize what a tremendous price it had to pay for those fruitless years of folly that swept millions of promising young men from the peaceful walks of life into the flaming fires of War. Young men were called from their quiet homes to serve God and country, and incidentally to save democracy. Today, ten years later, young men are calling to one another to unite and prevent the world from falling victim once more to the scourge of Mars.

It was in the summer of 1925 that a group of young people laid plans for a World Youth Peace Congress which would bring together representative groups from all parts of the world, to focus the power and enthusiasm of youth upon peace and to discover ways and means for dealing

Correspondence

Herbert Hoover

[From a Personal Letter]

Editor of UNITY:

. . . I have known Mr. Hoover since he came to Stanford in 1891, the first student to enter, an eager, rosy-cheeked young Quaker of 17, with $15 in his pocket and an eager desire to *know* geology, not to hear about it. I was with him in Australia when he resigned a salary of $100,000 a year to return to London and finish "some literary work" (*"le Re Metallica"*) and then to come home, hoping to find some Bureau where he could serve his country by doing public work as it ought to be done. He is the highest idealist I have ever known in public life, and whatever he undertakes he has always carried through to success, often in the face of opposition, English and German alike, such as the best of our politicians never dreamed of.

One feature of Hoover's character, little known to the public, has endeared him to every man or woman of whatever race who has worked for him or with him. Notwithstanding his unruffled serenity and his unflinching courage, he has a most sympathetic disposition, guided always by lofty ideals and by untiring devotion to the best interests of his country and by faith in its future, and in the highest possibilities of democracy. This he chooses to show by deeds, rather than by words.

To me, as to most college men, it is not a question of "republican victory." Everyone who has worked with or under him fairly worship him. The party leaders have very unwillingly climbed into the Hoover bandwagon (which started in London in August, 1914, in the Savoy Hotel). They have no more control over him than they have over John Haynes Holmes. To me, the question is not one of parties at all. It is of men. We have a chance to select a unique president, greater in ideals and in noiseless accomplishment than any president since Jefferson or Lincoln,—one who made his career without a thought of the presidency or any other reward, and who knows world politics so well that he will not stoop to "do it"—let us say as well as his able rival knows the road from New York to Albany. Hoover has shown that he can run down large thieves and small when need be, but his best antidote to Hardingism is to do things right. This nation has never had such an opportunity to pull its government out of cheap politics, and if we pass this by we may never have another chance. Of course, I have no authority to speak for Mr. Hoover on any public question.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

TOLSTOI

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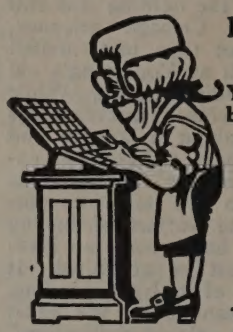

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with the problem of war. Gradually the dream passed to others—ambassadors of good will went around the world telling about the dream—until groups in all parts of the earth became eager to meet with their fellows to build for peace.

The dream has become a reality, the plans have been executed and the Congress is to be held this summer at Eerde in Holland, August 17-26. Five hundred delegates will be there, representing many nations, races, religions, political theories and cultures. Three hundred and fifty will come from Europe, one hundred from North and South America and fifty from Australia, Asia and Africa.

The United States will be represented by eighty delegates coming from over half the states in the Union. Over 90 per cent of these young people have engaged in some sort of constructive peace work in America and some expect to spend their life bringing this dream to the heart of America. Many will travel in Europe before the Congress studying the economic, social and political conditions of the various countries, while others will go to Geneva, Oxford and Vienna in preparation for the Congress. The American delegation should make a very real contribution to the Congress and to the cause of World Peace and solidarity.

An International Committee composed of representatives from England, France, Denmark, Germany, Austria, Holland and the United States has been directing the organization of the Congress. The British Federation of Youth is acting as the International Secretariat and has done a very admirable job. The Congress is sponsored by established Youth Organizations in the participating countries. The Holland Federation of Youth (Jongeren-Vredes-Actie) is preparing the ground in Holland for the reception of the delegates. While at Eerde, the delegates will live very simply, mostly on a vegetable diet and in tents. There will be few addresses and no gallery seats. These dreamers are going about their business in a serious way. The Congress will be divided into commissions in order to study the problems bearing upon peace. There are five commissions—social and economic, political, educational, religious and moral, race and minority.

—The World Tomorrow.

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A CODE OF LIVING

1. Keep the body strong that the most efficient work may be done, the greatest happiness obtained during life and a wholesome inheritance passed on to future generations.

2. Cultivate the mind, learning as many important facts as possible and striving to become expert in some particular field of endeavor.

3. Develop a scientific spirit, the essential characteristic of which is a search for Truth in the light of evidence and reason. Do not deceive yourself or others.

4. Base your spiritual concepts on the latest developments of Evolution. Be prepared to change your philosophy to conform to the consensus of scientific opinion.

5. Conduct all human relationships in a spirit of tolerance and love, having proper consideration for others, not presuming to control their lives.

6. Treat the opposite sex honorably, respecting their complementary qualities, with due regard for succeeding generations.

7. Endeavor to embody in the laws of the community the spirit of equity and progress.

8. Strive for an economic system under which each individual shall be rewarded according to his or her value to society.

9. Avoid the use of physical force for personal revenge or national aggrandizement, having learned from experience that reason triumphs while brutality degrades.

10. Hold yourself in readiness to accept new revelations.

This Code depends upon no authority so may be revised by any individual or group of persons until it gradually becomes an acknowledged guide for conduct superior to any that has heretofore been promulgated.—*The Arbitrator.*

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